

# THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

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BY CAVIS & TRIMMIE.

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## CAROLINA SPARTAN.

Written for the Carolina Spartan.

### "SHE KICKED HIM."

BY J. F. G.

CONTINUED FROM LAST SPARTAN.

It was very near the dawn of day, when, tired, agitated and fevered, I threw myself upon my bed in old Major B's best room. What a night had I experienced! How strangely had I been involuntarily brought under the influence of circumstances, and made to act a part in an unknown drama. How I longed for the rosy approach of morning, and how drearily came out upon the dewy air the old church clock bell, telling the world with its "iron tongue" the hour of four.

I know not when or how, but I finally lost myself in "the maze of sweet forgetfulness," and was awakened from dreams of blood and wretchedness by the old major exclaiming:

"Pretty time of day for a fine fellow to be lying abed, 'pon my word!"

"Well, sir, upon reflection, I should rather think it is," replied the good-natured man, at the same time poking me in the short ribs with his cane.

"Really, major, I insist upon your quitting such manifestations of yourself as these," I exclaimed, "for I am sensitive beyond measure."

"Seriously, Mr. F., it is time to arise, for the breakfast bell will soon ring, and it would be ungentle for us to allow the ladies to sit at the table alone."

"True, sir," I replied; "but, major, who are the ladies? I was not aware that you had your daughter lived at the house."

"What you didn't suppose that I allowed the ladies to leave my house at such an unreasonable hour, young man, as near three o'clock this morning do you?"

"Are all the company still under this roof then?" I asked.

"Nonsense, Mr. F.; of course only the ladies. You must be 'spiritually minded' this morning, 'pon my word!"

"Major, I'll be up directly, but do let me have a few moments conversation with you after breakfast in your office."

"Ah! you want a private conversation with me, eh?" exclaimed the major, giving me a rather severe poke in the ribs.

"Why, major," said I, "what do you mean?"

"Alice has played the devil with your heart," exclaimed the major, "and I'll bet my wig that that's what you want the conversation for! Come now, F., out with it like a man, and tell me if I ain't a good guesser."

"Bless your heart, major," I replied, "you certainly are not serious in what you say."

"My dear boy," exclaimed the major, "get up and dress yourself, and after breakfast meet me in the office. Be assured, my son, that if old major's love or money is good for anything, either or both shall be enlisted in your service if necessary."

"God bless the good old man!" was the language of my heart, as he left the room.

"Major thinks me in love with Alice," said I to myself, while arranging my toilet. "I wonder if such is the general impression!"

People are very apt to think rather too much of themselves sometimes, and it is just then that they make the biggest kind of fools. I remember how impossible it seemed to me to arrange my cravat tastily, or to give the foreign twist to my moustache, or the sixteen-strand hairs above my upper lip could be enticed to that name. I thought I looked uncommonly killing and irresistible, and felt sure that I should put the ladies in fits of rapturous admiration in less than fifteen minutes. I often look back upon myself in the major's snug little room, standing beside his mirror, and though still a young man, my reader, I cannot but own what a fool I was, and wonder why the mirror was not broken by the impudence of my conceited glances. In my wanderings through life, and contact with men and things, I have learned how much better it is to win respect and admiration by a modest and quiet carriage and an upright and manly demeanor.

"Oh! save me, ye powers, from those pinks of the nation, Those ten-able heroes! those lords of creation!"

I walked down to the ladies' parlor just in time to hear Joe, the negro boy, exclaim: "Breakfast ready, ladies!"

Circumstances, it is said, alter cases, and there is certainly more truth in that sentence than poetry. "Breakfast ready!" To the hard-working man, who has enjoyed a good night's rest, and who has a hard day's job before him, it is ever a welcome sound; but to a parcel of delicate and fashionable ladies, who have spent the entire night in nervous excitement and active gait, it is anything but pleasant. To myself it was a welcome sound, for my adventure in the grove had completely prostrated my nervous system, and made me feel like a fussy old bachelor when an east wind is blowing through the key-hole of his door.

Having paid my compliments to the ladies, I proceeded with them to the breakfast table, wondering all the while how in the world the major managed to accommodate so many during the night, for if memo-

ry deceives me not there were at least thirteen in the house. Alice sat just opposite to me, and oh! how beautiful she looked. She was somewhat paler than usual, but this rather added to her sweet and lovely countenance. "Poor Edward," I thought, and almost exclaimed aloud, as I looked upon her.

"Alice," said the major, "allow Mr. F. to help you to a little tongue."

"Mr. F. appears to have need of all he has," replied Alice laughing.

"Glorious!" exclaimed the major; "I see the point now. Bless my soul, Alice, that's good for you!"

"Really now, Miss Alice—O, I beg pardon Miss W.—"

"I prefer the former, sir," interrupted Alice, "if convenient."

"Well, Miss Alice, I was about to ask why you think that I have need of all the tongue I have. Come now, please tell me."

"Why, because you are so very fond of talking," she replied.

"You mean the reverse, Miss Alice, and really now I must apologize, by remarking that I feel too unwell to be pleasant this morning."

"Yes, Alice," said the major, "Mr. F. is very sick this morning, and I very much fear that his heart is affected by the wounds he received last night."

"Last night!" repeated Alice—"where in the world?"

"Not in the world, the weapon was in your possession," exclaimed Major B.

Alice blushed crimson, the major laughed, and I felt like a fool. It would have given me much satisfaction to have caught up the dish of steak before me, and heaved it at the old major's laughing face; for, however well-meant such a remark might have been, it was altogether false, rude, and exceedingly out of place. Beside all this, it was positively sinful to leave such an impression as this upon the girl's mind, for I did not love her. Then, too, there was some danger, if such an announcement came to the ears of Edward or Bradford; for to the former I had positively denied it, and to the latter I was concluded in silence, for the ladies were well aware of the extreme delicacy of the subject, and the major observed my embarrassment too plainly to continue his jokes. Breakfast being over, I followed the ladies into the parlor, and, more for the purpose of passing time than anything else, requested Alice to sing "Let me dream of former years."

After some hesitation she consented, and took a seat upon the stool before the melodeon, but had scarcely struck the chords before the old major thrust his merry face into the room and exclaimed:

"Why, Alice, don't you know that sick people do not like to hear the melodeon?"

"Indeed," said Alice, "and pray, uncle, who is sick?"

"Mr. F., my dear," provokingly replied the major.

Alice fully understood the major's meaning, and immediately vacated her seat beside the melodeon, and left the room.

I was right angry with the major, and felt somewhat mortified that he would persist in making remarks which he must have known to be so unpleasant both to Alice and myself.

"Are you engaged, major?" I asked, "and, if not, may I have that conversation with you?"

"Not at all engaged, Mr. F.; and am ready for you just now."

We proceeded to the office, so called I know not why; but, properly the library of the major.

The old major handed me to a cozy little cushioned arm-chair, beside the fire, and having lighted his pipe, and comfortably adjusted his portly person in a capacious rocking chair, directly opposite me, gave me a punch in the ribs and exclaimed:

"Now for it!"

"Look here, major, do you know that I think you acted very injudiciously in making Alice believe that I love her?"

"Rather a hard question, my boy, and I think a little too disrespectful too," replied the major.

"Beg pardon, major, I really did not intend any disrespect I assure you; but you certainly must admit that you had better not have made the remark which you did at the table this morning."

"But why not, Mr. F.?" replied the major.

"You would not have Alice to believe that I love her, major, when in reality I do not. You love her too much to allow her to be thus deceived."

"Mr. F.," replied the major, rising from his seat, "do you know that Alice loves you?"

"No! 'pon my word of honor I do not! neither do I believe it!"

"Then, sir, old major B. tells you plainly that she does!"

My reader, have you ever experienced such a thrill? If not, you cannot fathom the depth of that agony that pressed upon my heart at this calm announcement of old Major B.

I excused myself from further conversation with the major, and sought the privacy of my own chamber.

"Here is a nice fit for a fellow to be in!" I exclaimed, as I threw myself into a chair. "I came here to spend a few days of fun and pleasure, and I suppose this is some of it. Edward, Bradford and Alice well, I shall not soon forget those names, that's certain. Alice loves me, does she? Well, I'll take a smoke anyhow, and quietly await the final scene in this comedy. It may be a tragedy, however, and the Lord knows what will become of me. I ain't scared a bit, but I don't see what I've got to do with the whole affair anyhow."

I arose to open it, when came black Joe, grinning from ear to ear, and holding a plate of catables in his hands.

"Massa F., massa son up some sassa-gors fuh you."

"Sausages!" I exclaimed, "who wants sausages? Do I look like eating sausages, you woolly-headed fool?"

"Whorral! why eny massa sen um!"

"Clear out, you black scamp, and eat them yourself, but I hope one of them will stick in your throat cross-ways."

Joe made his exit immediately, and left me in the very worst humor which I ever remember to have been in. The fact is, I needed repose, for I had been up nearly the whole night, and my mind had been greatly excited for several hours about Edward and Alice.

Joe returned a few moments afterwards, bearing a wafly containing coffee and a note. I gladly accepted the coffee, and as soon as he left the room I hastily opened the envelope and read as follows:

"Mr. G. J. F. I am conscious of the liberty which I take in addressing you, but circumstances make the step necessary. I esteem it as a special favor for you to meet me in my room within the next half hour. Respectfully, ALICE W."

"Genius of demonstration!" I exclaimed, "what does this mean! Meet me in my room—that's cool! I'll get myself in a nice fix before I leave this house."

I started down stairs, saw the major, showed him the note, and anxiously awaited an explanation.

"See her, by all means," Mr. F.; "for it must be an affair of some importance, or she would not have sent you that note."

"Well, by jingo! major, show me up, or down, or about, wherever the room is; but I'll leave in the next stage as certain as fate, for I hate all this mystery and nonsense."

The major showed me the door of Alice's room, and left me "alone in my glory." I tapped quietly upon the door with my riding whip, and was bid to come in. I opened the door and stepped boldly within, scarcely knowing what I did.

"Well, sir," said Alice, rising from her chair, her eyes flashing fire and her nostrils dilated:

"How shall I understand this intrusion upon my privacy?"

I was, of course, amazed, and could only hand her the note which Joe brought to my room. She read it, and turning smilingly to me, exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. F., I didn't write this; but I expect the girls are trying to have a little sport out of you."

"Sport out of me! Why really, Miss Alice, I am not prepared to call this sport; it is trifling with me, and I shall leave the house immediately."

So saying I seized my hat, and was about to rush from the room, when Alice gently placed her hand on my shoulder and said:

"Mr. F., you would not leave the house if you knew that by so doing you would offend me?"

The accent upon "me" was very emphatic, and made me feel rather uneasy. Mustering up all my courage, I exclaimed:

"In the name of common sense, Miss Alice, what do you want me to do?" Alice looked at me a few moments in perfect surprise, and then her clear silvery laugh pealed out of the rosy cell of sound, and echoed throughout the old mansion.

"I'm sold!" I exclaimed, rushing down stairs, and slamming doors behind me. I re-entered my room, sat down on my trunk, and felt desperate.

"What does Alice mean! I wonder, and how is it possible that she appears so thoughtless and gay, when poor Edward's heart is breaking on her account. Certainly she could not be aware of this. I think I shall question the major about this."

I met the major in his library, enjoying his pipe by the fire.

"What can I do for you now, Mr. F.?" he asked.

"Major, what connection is there between Alice and Edward?"

"One that I know of now, sir; but they were old sweethearts from childhood, until within a year ago; but somehow or other she 'kicked' him."

"She kicked him!" What an expression! and Oh! what volumes of agony, what tales of blasted hopes, are couched in that phrase!

"Oh! major," I exclaimed, "don't speak so triflingly about the matter, for you know not the weight of woe that presses upon poor Edward's heart."

"Young man," replied the major, "you mistake me if you suppose that I consider it a trifling matter. Alice and Edward were my pets when children, and are my favorites now. A year ago I had not the slightest doubt that they would have married by this time. I know not why, but Alice changed all at once, and scarcely permits his name to be mentioned in her presence."

"Have you any idea, major, what are the causes of this estrangement?"

"No, none other than her late acquaintance with Bradford. Do you think it possible, major, that we could mediate in this matter?"

"O no, they are already engaged," replied the major.

"What—Alice and Bradford? Why, major, under these circumstances your remarks at the table this morning are quite inexplicable."

"Tut! a joke is a joke, Mr. F., and I meant you to consider it as such."

"Very well, as far as it goes, but do you know whether Alice considers him as such?"

"I'm not sure," replied the major.

"Do you know if Alice loves this Mr. Bradford?" I asked, "and can you inform me anything about his history?"

"About his history I know nothing, and with regard to your first question, whether Alice loves him, I can only say that I think it probable, from the very nature of the circumstances."

"You know nothing of his history, and yet tell me that she is to be his wife. Why, major, it seems very strange that you should not make some inquiries about him."

"Why should I, particularly, be expected to make inquiry, when her parents are her natural guardians, and both alive?"

"Are they favorable to the engagement?"

"Why, so far as that is concerned, I have heard it rumored that her father, having always disliked Edward, is quite satisfied to see his daughter the wife of Bradford; but that her mother does not at all approve of the match, Edward being her favorite."

"Indeed, major, I feel much interested in the parties, although almost an entire stranger to them all. It seems to me that Edward must have been encouraged by Alice to expect much, or he would not have felt the estrangement so keenly."

"Ah! my boy," replied the major, brushing a tear from his ruddy old cheeks, "if you only knew how Alice loved Edward when a little girl, and how he worshipped her very shadow, you would excuse an old man's tears. But change is inscribed upon all that is earthly, and the spiritual and eternal alone are immutable."

I had heard enough, and bidding the major good morning, I hastened to my room.

"I thought I, as I seated myself beside my bed, laid upon it my fevered brow, 'what a sorrow must that be which hangs like a pall about the broken heart of poor Edward!'"

It was now near noon, and although sick enough for a physician's advice and attendance, I determined, according to promise, to pay a brief visit to Edward.

"Mr. F.," said Alice, meeting me on the stairs, "we have persuaded the major to give us a small tea party this evening, and hope we shall be favored with the pleasure of your company."

"And Edward's too?" I asked.

"Certainly, sir, if his presence will add to your enjoyment."

"Will it add none to yours, Miss Alice?" I asked, playfully, taking her hand.

Alice blushed crimson, and the fair hand nestled within my own trembled like a leaf.

"Miss Alice, please tell me that Edward's presence will add to your enjoyment."

"Mr. F.," she replied, "I must request of you, as a favor, never to mention that man's name in my presence;" and, so saying, she turned abruptly away and left me.

"That man's name!" Oh! how bitter and disrespectful. How could she call him so! He upon whose faithful bosom she had so often leaned, and upon whose lovely eyes she had gazed so fondly in the past! Most remembrances of early life, with all its sacred associations of fire, light, and beauty, thus fade away! Can the human heart so easily part with that around which it had entwined its tendrils!

"Oh! Alice," I thought, "how can a being so beautiful as thou afflict so great a weight of woe upon a heart so much thine own!"

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

William Smith, the newly-elected sheriff of Madison county, Ohio, opened the court for the first time with the following novel speech:

"Hear ye. The honorable court of common pleas within and for the county of Madison and State of Ohio, is now in session, and ready to transact such business as may regularly come before it, where the guilty sometimes go unpunished, and the innocent unnecessarily suffer—where the depravity and stupidity of mankind—and where the lawyers cause perfect and disastrous wreck of your pocket book, and the sheriff ready stands, with an unrelenting heart, to take your goods, chatties, and all your clothes; and if, at the intervals of your hands by any deceased relative, we again stand ready to put you through!"

AN INCIDENT OF THE FUEL FAMINE AT CHICAGO.—The Chicago Democratic Press tells the following story, and vouches for its truth: "There was a crowd in the office of the city marshal yesterday, where that good-natured official was selling wood to the poor. 'Stand back, all of you, and let the woman with a baby have a chance.' The crowd complied, and again and again, woman after woman, each with a babe in her arms, kept pressing forward to the desk. The marshal took it coolly for a while, but finally the infant began to assume a familiar look, and an examination was had, when it turned out that the mother was leading her baby to her acquaintance, to secure for them the immunities which she herself enjoyed. There was a laugh all round, and a fresh start. Jim avers that the last barrow of the baby pinned it to make it excite additional sympathy."

MODE OF FATTENING HOGS.—A correspondent of the Clarksville (Va.) Tobacco Diast says:

"I had heard it said that turnips had no nutriment, and that neither man nor beast could fatten on them. I determined to make an experiment at all hazards. I had 16 hogs to fatten. I commenced the process of boiling turnips every day for them, and in five weeks they were in first rate killing order, and made as nice pork as any I have ever had. The quantity of corn used the whole time was 112 lbs., except ground in meal. I used 12 lbs. of salt, 12 lbs. to fatten one hog for the knife. My saving in corn was therefore 22 1-2 lbs., which, at \$5, make \$112.50 saved."

An editor out in Iowa is grumbling because he has been fined two hundred and fifty dollars for hugging a girl in meeting. We consider that cheap hugging. We hugged a girl about nine months ago, and it has cost us double that sum already, and there is no telling how much more it is going to cost us.—Coffeeville (Miss.) Intelligence.

## Gen. Scott and Secretary Davis.

The correspondence between Gen. Scott and Secretary Davis is quite voluminous. From a hasty examination of the various documents it appears that Gen. Scott declined to give open and specific information to Mr. Davis regarding the expenditure of the secret service money in Mexico, believing that no obligation of public or private honor, according to the usages of nations and armies, required him to disclose names and circumstances. He however expressed a willingness to give such information for his private ear alone, which the Secretary said he was willing to receive in confidence. In November, 1855, the President of the United States writes to Secretary Davis, saying in substance "Gen. Scott states two grounds on which he has learned that I hesitated to allow the five per cent. commission. It is proper to remark that he has been misinformed or misapprehended in my position. He himself fixed 3 1/2 per cent, which he might properly receive for his disbursements in Mexico; and a balance struck upon that basis was the subject of conversation between us."

Mr. Davis, in response to the President, informs him that Gen. Scott had charged himself with the sum of \$261,001, all of which, excepting \$30,000, for disbursing \$258,001, leaving \$6,155 withheld by Gen. Scott on his account. This balance the President authorized Gen. Scott, through the Secretary of War, to retain.

Gen. Scott, in a letter dated New York, December, 1855, writes that there are two items, making \$11,855 against him, as not admitted or disallowed by the President on account of five per cent. charged by him on all moneys disbursed. He says it was entirely within the competency of the President to allow that charge, and he asks that the suit be brought against him by the government to recover the amount claimed to be due by him, nearly \$6,000. But the President declined to enter suit. There are many explanations relative to these figures, but the financial parts of the transaction cannot be fairly understood by this mere reference to the subject.

Among the documents is the opinion of Attorney General Cushing, dated January, 1856, to the effect that the act creating the grade of lieutenant general does not confer upon Gen. Scott all the authority which was imposed by the law of 1798 upon Washington, who was thereby made the commander of the armies, while Gen. Scott was appointed lieutenant general by order of the President of the United States. It carries retrospective pay and emoluments, but not retrospective authority.

Gen. Scott's correspondence with the officers of the government goes back as far as 1848, and that between him and the Secretary of War during 1855 contains the following features: Mr. Davis, on July 25th, says: "I have unnoticed the exhibition of peevish temper in reply to an inquiry from this department," etc. Gen. Scott replies, July 30: "It would be easy to show that the whole letter in which you charge me with exhibiting a peevish temper is as flippant in its statements and logic as in that accusation." "Certainly as Secretary of War you have done enough to warrant more than suspicion that from the first you have considered it your special mission, by repeated aggression on my rights and feelings, to goad me into some perilous attitude of official opposition."

"To prove my long forbearance, for at my time of life all angry discussions are painful, I will now proceed to enumerate some of the provocations alluded to, without dilating in this place on your partisan hostility to the brevet of lieutenant general, and to the compensation Congress intended to attach thereto." The General then alludes to one of the Secretary's "captious retorts" and his "capping the climax by usurpation and absurdity." He likewise says: "Following out your personal rebuke in the letter of the 12th, your object, in violation of principle, is to crush me into a servile obedience to your self-will. I know you yourself as a man and a soldier; and if I am to be crushed, I prefer it at the hands of my military peers."

The Secretary rejoins, in an unofficial note dated August 2d: "Your present accusation charges me with usurpation for the most unworthy ends, and imputes to me motives inconsistent with official integrity, is considered basely malevolent and pronounced utterly false."

General Scott replying, August 6th, says: "I have received a note from you dated on the 2d inst., which you seem to desire me to consider as unofficial. I shall not comply with your singular fancy, as you can have no legitimate claim to address me except as Secretary of War. Accordingly, I shall treat your communication, whether designed as private and scurrilous or as public missives of arrogance and superciliousness, as equally official. There are beauties in them which ought not to be lost, and it shall not be my fault if I do not render your part of this correspondence a memorable example to be shunned by your successors."

To this the Secretary replies, Sept. 7th: "Nor am I to be at all deterred from a full exposure of the groundlessness of your charges or by the threats you made of rendering my part of this correspondence a memorable example to be shunned by my successors. This is the meanest bravado in one who himself affords the most memorable example on the records of this department of a man contrived to defeat and a false peace exposed."

HORSE-RACING TO HELL.—Jonathan Rhodes and Hyram Campbell, of Mills Co., Iowa, while running their horses for whiskey, were instantly killed by lightning, and both the horses under them. So writes a respectable citizen of Keosauqua county from that country. It seems that the race was not so much one for whiskey, as it was who should get to hell first. Entered the infernal regions about the same time! Horas stopped on the Iowa side of the river, as they had not gone into the race willingly.

## Mr. Keitt's Speech.

The recent speech of Hon. L. M. Keitt, at Washington, on the history of slavery, has called out the following comments of the New York Independent—Henry Ward Beecher's paper. Notwithstanding the animus of the article, it involves high commendation to Mr. Keitt:

"In the House, the marked point of interest was the speech of Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, upon the slavery question. It commanded universal attention, and was a strong speech in more senses than one. Mr. Keitt is a fluent and rapid debater, and is a pure specimen of Southern hot blood. His whole system works like an engine under the deliriousness of his radical thoughts. His eyebrows rise and fall like the 'walking-beam of a steamboat'—and when the steam is fully up, the movement is painful to the beholder. His gesticulation is stronger than it is graceful, and his voice is too sharp for harmony, especially when sliding into a nasal twang, as it does occasionally. He grasps his subject with the consciousness of being a master, and offers no word of apology for the enunciation of his radical views. And radical they are. They stagger democracy—may more, they utterly annihilate the word and condemn its application, as a fungus appearing upon modern society, which should be cropped off, so that society could be carried back to its primal purity. His views of society and government are for the latitudes of Central South Carolina, barbaric Central Africa, and the region governed by the Autocrat of all the Russias. His speech is a perfect museum of historic curiosities in social and political life, galvanizing into being defunct notions, as models for the most enlightened, christianized nation of the world in this nineteenth century. He claimed that the Divine lawgiver, in the very structure of society, established slavery as one of its features; or, as he expressed it, 'I have seen that slavery was a primordial and universal fact, and I have traced it to the dawn of time, and I have traced it to the dawn of the origin of society.' His historic steps were painful, and almost forgot to be thankful for an enlightened, liberal government in view of the dark historic picture of our race. The ability manifested in the compilation of the several historic points, and the ingenuity with which they are woven together to form a chain, commend the whole subject to some well versed and careful reviewer. For me it is sufficient to know, that because tyranny has existed, it is no sufficient reason for its existence now. Because Athens, in her national capacity, owned two hundred thousand slaves, who, by forced labor, worked her mines, and filled the coffers of her treasury, and sunk to a historic tomb, because Rome, 'in the very hey-day of positive legislation, throughout the republican period, legislated the unfortunate debtor into chains and slavery, thus hugging the viper until the whole political body was infected with the virus, and crumbling, fell to her historic grave, it is no reason to me why we, as a nation, should follow such examples, in order to insure such a doom. The great feature of the speech consisted in this: he did not finish the history of a single nation from whose laws or customs he quoted. Had he done so, he would have wrapped himself about in their rotten shrouds."

One of the Three Thousand, Rev. Isaac S. Kallioch, of the Tremont Temple, Boston—one of the popular Kansas freedom-drinking preachers—is in a tight place at present, though he brags on the proof against him. The following affidavits will tell the story of what he is accused of:

Several of those who undertook to defend him have announced their intention to desert him if he does not come out and demand a full investigation of the whole matter. The landlord of the hotel at which Mr. K. put up with a lady, at Cambridge, Mass., publishes the following affidavit:

East Cambridge, Jan. 17, 1857. I, Ephraim P. Bailey, do depose and say, that I am one of the landlords of a hotel in East Cambridge, now known as the Craigie House, formerly known as the Lockmead House; that on the night of the 5th of January instant, about six o'clock, a gentleman, accompanied by a lady, came to the Craigie House in a carriage; the gentleman stated that he was to lecture before the Lyceum that evening, and desired a fire to be made in a private room; for the accommodation of himself and his wife; the man then ordered some hot whiskey, saying he was not very well, and his wife was ill; if I could bring it up without being known to do so; I took it up and handed it to the lady; suspicious of the characters of the persons being aroused, and wishing to protect the character of the house, I went to a room adjoining that occupied by the parties, and I, through an opening at the top of the door, saw the gentleman kiss the lady; the persons occupied the room about an hour and a half before the lecture; heard the woman say 'what would your wife say if she saw us?' He replied 'how will she know it—but what would your husband say if he knew it?'"

And